

# Zion's Herald.

VOLUME LXXI.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1893.

NUMBER 25.

## Zion's Herald.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY THE

Boston Wesleyan Association,

36 Bromfield St., Boston.

CHARLES PARKHURST, Editor.

ALONZO S. WEED, Publisher.

All stationed preachers in the Methodist Episcopal Church are authorized agents for their locality.  
Price, including postage, \$2.50 per year.

Specimen Copies Free.

### MATTHEW SIMPSON.

THE ELOQUENT PREACHER,  
THE GREAT COMMONER,  
THE IDEAL BISHOP,  
OF THE

Methodist Episcopal Church.

#### A MEMORIAL NUMBER.

Contributors.

UNFOLDING MEMORY PICTURES:  
President W. F. Warren, LL. D.AUTHENTIC GLIMPSES:  
Rev. William V. Kelley, D. D.BRIEF ESTIMATES OF THE MAN AND HIS  
PREACHING:

Bishop John F. Hurst.

Bishop John H. Vincent.

Prov. Charles J. Little, D. D.

Rev. C. C. McCabe, D. D.

President J. W. Bashford, D. D.

Rev. Sandford Hunt, D. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND THE  
QUESTION:

Rev. James M. King.

BISHOP SIMPSON AND LAY REPRESENTA-  
TION:

Judge G. G. Reynolds.

SECRET OF BISHOP SIMPSON'S PULPIT  
POWER:

Rev. J. R. Day, D. D.

Rev. T. P. Frost.

Rev. William Nast Brodbeck, D. D.

REMINISCENCES OF BISHOP SIMPSON:

Rev. R. H. Howard, Ph. D.

BISHOP AND PREACHER:

Rev. George S. Chadbourne, D. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON — AS I SAW HIM:

Rev. D. A. Whedon, D. D.

Rev. E. R. Thorndike.

Rev. A. L. Cooper, D. D.

Rev. W. T. Jewell.

Rev. S. L. Baldwin, D. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON — Poem:

Rev. Mark Traffton, D. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON AT HOME:

Rev. W. Swindells, D. D.

A PHILADELPHIA LAYMAN'S TRIBUTE:

Hon. John Field.

BISHOP SIMPSON'S CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE:

Rev. J. O. Knowles, D. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON AS A NEIGHBOR:

Principal C. C. Bradon.

AS I HEARD HIM:

Rev. Charles Parkhurst, D. D.

#### UNFADING MEMORY PICTURES.

President W. F. Warren.

LINGERING in my memory are many pictures in which Bishop Simpson is the central figure.

The first of them all represents him as he looked in the pulpit of the Garnisonkirche, in Berlin, one Sunday in September, 1857. On invitation of the King of Prussia, under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance, a great World Conference of Christian believers out of all lands had gathered in the Prussian capital. The clergy of the Prussian State Church and of all the State churches of Germany were scandalized at the King's noble proposal to fraternize with all true believers irrespective of nationality, color, or ecclesiastical pedigree. Gladly would the State Church authorities have closed every door to the representatives of what they were pleased to despise as the "American sects," but by their own law and teaching their King bore rightful divine authority over the Prussian Church as truly as over the kingdom. Furthermore, the Garnisonkirche was not an ordinary parish church, but one over whose use the King personally had absolute and sole control. So when by royal order it was opened for the sermon of Bishop Simpson and for the deliberations of this ecumenical conference of Christian believers,

it was an event of high historic significance. Nor need I say that the Bishop's discourse on Christian Unity, delivered amid such surroundings, and before a congregation representing every continent, was itself historic. Another picture bears date a few days later. At his magnificent palace in Potsdam King Frederick William IV. is receiving the Bishop and thirty-one other Americans, all of them members of the Evangelical Alliance. Ex-Governor Wright, of Indiana, at that time United States Ambassador at Berlin—the first Methodist ambassador that court had ever seen—presents the guests. Bishop Simpson is presented. The King extends his hand and greets him cordially.

"And what is your diocese?" inquired the King in his friendliest manner, and in good English.

"My church is not divided into dioceses," replies the Bishop.

"And yet is an Episcopal Church? That is very interesting. I beg you to explain it to me."

So the Bishop gives the King his first lesson in the peculiar polity of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

The King soon instances the Moravian system of general superintendency, and inquires as to its degree of resemblance to the Bishop's own. The Bishop explains, and then, at length, the panorama moves on.

Another picture is of an out-door Roman Catholic service before the statue of Saint Nepomuk in one of the squares of ancient Prague—but I cannot pause to describe it. Another is of a little group of four or five Hungarian patriots assembled one night behind bolted doors in the house of the recent pastor at Kosuth in Buda-Pest; another presents him on the steamer deck peering out into the dimness of the earliest dawn that he may feast his eager eyes upon the dark outline of holy Patmos; another shows him landing at Beyrouth in the morning shadow of Lebanon, a sick man with his arms stretched out over the shoulders of two supporting companions; in another anticipating death, and having received his last messages of affection for his surviving family, I sit in that far-off Orient a watcher at his bedside, as through the long night the lingering hours lapse silently into eternity; in another we are on the top of a hill; and in another we are in the great city of New York; in another we are kneeling in the Holy Sepulchre.

Where shall I close the enumeration? Multitudes remain—some in Egypt, some in Greece, some in the Mediterranean Isles, some in Maine, some in Ohio, some in Indiana, some in Boston. I would close with that fadeless picture of his farewell words to the church, and to the world, on the platform of the closing General Conference of 1854, were I not sure that in the present memorial paper other pens will give it greater prominence than my remaining space permits.

He is gone. As the news reached us, all who knew him best felt that a great leader in church and in state had passed away. As the great preacher of his generation he was known to all the people, but those who were aware of the work he had done toward saving the nation's life, and what he had done to reconstitute the great Church he served, felt like adapting to him the words:—

O friends, our chief church-oracle is mute!  
Mourn for the man who long enduring stood,  
The statesman-churchman, moderate, resolute,  
Whole in himself a common good.  
Mourn for the man of amplest influence,  
Yet clearest of ambition's crime,  
Our greatest, yet with least pretence,  
In council great, and great in war,  
The foremost captain of his time,  
Rich in saving common sense,  
And, as the greatest only are,  
In his simplicity sublime.  
O good gray head which all men knew,  
O voice from which others all men drew,  
O iron nerve, to true occasion tried,—  
That tower of strength, oh, fallen at length,  
Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew!

Boston University.

#### AUTHENTIC GLIMPSES.

REV. WILLIAM V. KELLEY, D. D.

Editor *Methodist Review*.

**I**N the spring of 1874 a young man was brought from Buffalo and appointed pastor of Spring Garden Street Church, Philadelphia. It was his first large city pastorate, and this was Bishop Simpson's home church; his family were members of it, his residence near by. The young pastor, knowing the great Bishop only in a distant way by his overshadowing reputation, stood in awe of him and shrank with dread from the prospect of preaching before that matchless master of the Methodist pulpit. His apprehensions were intensified by his knowledge that Bishop Simpson had seen fit in the exercise of his godly judgment to advise the church against asking for a transfer, his opinion being overruled by Bishop Scott and Wiley, who had official charge of the matter.

The pastorate opened in March. The Bishop was away holding Conferences. Along in May, after the semi-annual meeting of the Bishops was over, one Sunday morning as the pastor, not so well prepared as usual and unaware of the Bishop's return, was beginning the service, he saw to his dismay the white-haired Bishop enter by the door at the side of the pulpit and drop quietly into a chair in the altar. While the hymn was being sung the pastor went down and greeted the Bishop, inviting him to preach, which he declined to do, but added, "If it will be attended to, you will make the opening prayer." The frightened young minister knelt behind the praying Bishop, and heard a prayer so simple, holy and uplifting, so sympathetic and gentle toward himself, as of a father praying for his son, and withal so hopeful for

God's blessing on the new pastorate, that his quaking heart took courage and grew quiet in the conviction that this Prince of the Church was too great and affectionate to do anything but pray for his young pastor and help him in every way. It was not many months before the Bishop's presence, so oppressive at first, came to be only an encouragement and an inspiration; and in due time the pastor learned how priceless a gift to a young man is the communicative friendship of a great man—great in experience, wisdom, power and godly character, yet unaffected and candid in friendly personal intercourse. The only pertinency of this narrative here is such glimpse as it gives of the character of Bishop Simpson and such seal as it puts on the authenticity of other things herein related concerning him. By the history here narrated one man ascertained, as others did in other ways, that behind the dazzling and imposing front of our great Bishop's official and public fame was a heart as simple, genuine and pure as the heart of a little child; inside a manhood as sturdy as Gladstone's, a gentleness like Florence Nightingale's.

In his home Bishop Simpson was Sunshine. Wordsworth would have said, "A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrow." A friend wrote of Lord Holland that he always came down to breakfast

crisp, his mind was elate, swift, keen-eyed and wide, circling among the altitudes and magnitudes of great and summoning occasions. In Philadelphia there are traditions of public addresses by Bishop Simpson on patriotic themes in the years of the Civil War which were as tremendous in effect as can have been those Demosthenic appeals under which Athens shouted, "Lead us against Philip!"

A scholar and a student, Simpson was capable of critical and elaborate preparation, but in his episcopal years official work and incessant public utterance did not permit it, nor was he dependent on it. His Yale lectures and sermons at Cornell and before the Ecumenical Conference in London were written out; but usually nothing was on paper beyond a bare outline, clearly planned and comprehensive. Compared with the Macaulay-like brilliancy of Punshon's ornate rhetoric, Simpson's was unstudied, simple and direct. New-born freshness and extraordinary spontaneity characterized his utterance. There was nothing artful in his oratory. Usually there had been no rehearsal, even mentally, of details of language or manner. Beyond a mere outline of thought all was of the moment inspirational. He passed with easy mastery from one great occasion to another, never apparently oppressed or nervous. When his anxious wife, not having seen him make preparation, would say, "Are you ready?" he would answer cheerily, "I

is not realized how rare a gift genuine eloquence is. One human package of it to a generation is in any region a large allowance.

Sebastian del Piombo writes to Michael Angelo begging him to return to Rome, because "It does not rain Michael Angels." Great was the wealth and equal is the loss of Methodism, for it does not rain Matthew Simons. He had the tongue of fire, the genius of eloquence, the magnifico gift of power, under which assemblies are in a virtually hypnotic state of subjection; seeing, thinking, believing and feeling what the preacher wills they shall. Noble discourses he published sermons are, but that which made his preaching supreme and over-mastering is not in type. No student reading them would adequately or approximately conceive them.

Evanston, Ill.

Rev. C. C. McCabe, D. D.

In the year 1864 the Ohio Conference met at Chillicothe. The Cincinnati Conference met at Greenfield, twenty miles away. It was resolved to hold a joint session and listen to an address by Bishop Simpson who presided over the Cincinnati Conference. The meeting came off in the afternoon. On the morning of that day the ladies of the church in Chillicothe brought me the blood-stained and shot-riddled standard of the 73d Ohio, and requested me to present it to the Conference, as the Conference had resolved to hold its sitting under the flag.

I took the flag, carried it to the front, and simply recited its history. The preachers were greatly moved by the simple statement of the battles through which that flag had been carried.

In the afternoon, at the union meeting of the two Conferences, Bishop Simpson delivered his address upon "Our Country." The effect was wonderful. In all my life I never saw an audience so profoundly stirred. When delivering the peroration he suddenly turned and seized that tattered flag and made an address to it which so thrilled the congregation that every man, woman and child in it sprang simultaneously to his feet as though some one had given the command to rise. For fully an hour five hundred preachers seemed almost beside themselves. They shouted and cheered and waved their hats and handkerchiefs.

The occasion will long be remembered as the grandest triumph of human eloquence ever known in this country.

New York City.

President J. W. Bashford.

Bishop Foster and Canon Liddon seemed to build up from the earth to the heavens, piling argument upon argument like giant layers of the Pyramids. Once I thought Foster reached heaven in one of his famous sermons, and I should not have been surprised had his body disappeared. Simpson and Brooks, upon the contrary, were prophets speaking out of the heart of God. They dwelt in the heavens, and reached down from heaven to earth. Brooks dwelt more continually in the first heaven than his great compeer, but Simpson at times reached the third heaven with bursts of eloquence which I never heard Brooks equal. In addition to his prophetic fire Simpson had a wonderful knowledge of human character and a remarkable grasp of the principles which underlie the church and the republic. It was this blending of the prophet and the statesman which made him the greatest Bishop our church has thus far known.

Ohio Wesleyan University.

Rev. Sandford Hunt, D. D.

The first time that I ever heard Bishop Simpson preach was at the session of the Genesee Conference held in Batavia, N. Y., in 1853. He had been in the episcopal office a little more than a year, and his fame had reached Western New York, and crowds came from a great distance to hear him preach on Sunday morning. As there was no church in the village that would accommodate the people, a tent had been secured which was reported capable of accommodating three thousand. I heard Bishop Simpson preach perhaps a score of times or more, but I never heard him equal that first sermon. His subject was, "Christian Unity." His voice was monotonous, and he was not especially distinguished as a logician, but there was an "unction" in his address that convinced one that he was deeply in earnest. He was not a rhetorician, like Bishop Bascom, who could bewilder one with his adjectives, but somehow there was a power that swept the audience to an extent that I had never seen before, and have never seen since. He did not produce that kind of excitement that would naturally expend itself in shouts. The strongest minds and hearts were overwhelmed with a subdued power that moved to tears.

At the General Conference of 1860 he preached in St. James Hall where the Conference held its sessions, on two Sabbath afternoons. The most distinguished lawyers of Buffalo, as well as the pastors of the various churches, were present. His sermons were referred to by these men years afterward as the most remarkable of anything that was ever heard in Buffalo. During the last ten years of his life I heard him several times but, while deeply interesting, he had lost something of his old-time power.

As a lecturer he was not especially at home. His peculiar power to move the heart could not be brought to bear upon the platform. I was with him at various times in the cabinet, and he was full of kindness of heart and sympathy for the preachers whom he was obliged in many cases to appoint to difficult fields. On the whole, I may have no hesitation in saying that, by common consent, he stood at the head of the American pulpit during his life. His record is an honor to Methodism.

New York City.



Bishop Simpson.

with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. Our Bishop, though subject to numerous illnesses in the course of his life, had great endurance, elasticity and resilience. Coming home weary from long and laborious absences, he would quickly rebound, and the grateful joy of being at home exhilarated him sometimes into a blitheness of spirit which played like fountain-brilliance in the house. Even in his last sickness, the sufferer now and then let loose a sweet and genial playfulness, doubtless with the affectionate intent to lighten if only for a moment the heavy shadows of anxiety on the loving faces around his bed. In that final illness, a watcher at his bedside one day noticing his eyes closed and lips moving, listened and heard: "Candidati ascendat. Autoritate misi commisi," etc. His mind was forty years away, and he was conferring degrees from the commencement platform at Newcastle.

Historically the lives of Ames and Simpson kept company. Co-workers in Indiana, there were successive climaxes as in Durbin, when the waves that crest in ecstasy. Out from the eye of Durbin when its drooping lids opened quick and wide came an unexpected something like the leap of a glittering sword from a lack-luster scabbard. Simpson's more gradual crises culminated with an effect like the first thunder-clap from a preparing sky, so near that dash and crash are simultaneous. Subtle presentations made us aware that something was coming, and nerves were tensed with the delicious dread of some glorious catastrophe. The air was tremulous with suppressed excitement; thought and emotion heated almost to the flame-point waited for the spark that must set all ablaze. It was sure to come, and the audience caught like a sea of inflammable oil in which great billows heaved by submarine explosions came and went. Then until the end the breath of his mouth was as the wind upon a burning prairie.

Eloquence is a mysterious force, electric and inexplicable. It treats us as we were treated in the natural philosophy room in old college days. Our attention quietly holds the handles while the lecturer turns the crank and whirls the plate-crystal wheel around against the rubbers without sensible result, beyond an intensifying expectation, until an instantaneous surprise darts through us like fire and we feel the power. The pastor of one of the largest New York city congregations writes: "Few men are eloquent nowadays, either in pulpit or at the bar or in public life. Eloquence is becoming a lost art." Eloquence of various qualities abounds, but it

The most magical were possibly not in the pulpit, mighty as was his mastery there, but on various occasional platforms. Like an eagle among native sublimities of sky and



## BISHOP AND PREACHER.

REV. GEO. S. CHADBOURNE, D. D.

**M**Y memory of Bishop Simpson is among the cherished memories of my life. I consider it a great privilege to have come in contact with such a man, and to have had the opportunity to study and know him. To me he was known chiefly as the Bishop and as the great preacher, and in these two characters I shall speak of him.

With many others, I have my ideal of what a Methodist Bishop should be, and I am obliged to say that Bishop Simpson came as near to that ideal as I can imagine any man to be able to come. I had a great admiration for Bishop James, but he was not, to me, so much

## The Model Bishop

as was Simpson. How well he maintained the dignity of his high office in his personal bearing and conduct; and this, too, without the sense of proud superiority or cold reserve which are sometimes mistaken for the nobler qualities that become the position.

Blended with a conscious dignity and superiority were certain gentleness and humility; an even regard for the feelings and rights of others which, while they impressed one with a sense of the Bishop's higher place, did not impress him with a sense of his own lower one. You went out from his presence, not with a feeling of humiliation and irritation, but with a profound respect for the man who, when compelling you to render all due respect to him, had also granted all the respect due to you.

And how wisely and graciously he used the extraordinary power entrusted to him! Not with the spirit and bearing of an ascetic, nor in any arbitrary manner,

but with one who is conscious of a great trust committed to him, and is honestly and prayerfully seeking to discharge that trust in the best possible way. I never sat with him in secret sessions, but I have watched him as president of the Conference, and especially as he came to the closing scene and stood up to announce the appointments. What sympathy and tenderness were manifest in his chosen words! They were not the hackneyed phrases about devotion, and sacrifice, and heroic endurance, and the great rewards of the future. In the lips of some these may be meaningless and powerless, and this because you feel that he who utters them feels little of them in his heart, and knows less of them in his life.

When he told the preachers that some would be assigned to hard fields and scanty fare, that some would be disappointed, and he was sorry that better provision could not be made for them, the quivering lip, tremulous voice, and mottled face told his story and real was his sympathy for them. Then as he read the names, each was prefaced with the endearing name of brother, declaring the brotherly sympathy and affection of the path and great preacher for the humblest man whose name he pronounced. From the hands of such a man preachers could take poor appointments and scanty fare, and go forth with faith and courage to do bravely for their Lord, bearing with them the precious memory of their Bishop's love and prayers.

Of Bishop Simpson as

## A Pulpit Orator

I have a memory both in his lofier and in his lower lights. Many have tried to analyze the secret of his wonderful power, but I do not know who seems to me to have succeeded.

It was, as in some other instances, a subtle, mysterious force which eludes investigation and will not be found or explained. But what a power it was when this grand master was at his best! How he swayed his audience with a magician's wand! How he threw them the spell of a spiritual enchantment, until whether in the body or out of the body they could hardly tell. I recall a sermon he preached at a session of the Troy Conference held in St. Albans, Vt. It was in the Congregational church, the largest in the place, and the room was crowded. Like other men the Bishop had his human limitations, and always did his best in the presence of large audiences. Who that heard that sermon can ever forget it? It was from the text: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." He preached that sermon many times, and probably never with greater effect than on this occasion. Before he had finished not a few in different parts of the house were on their feet holding on to the pews, and gazing with tearful eyes and jubilant shout into the face of the speaker. It was a marvelous triumph of sacred eloquence, and when the speaker ceased and sat down, the audience sated him in their seats with a sigh of relief, and weeping and shouting continued for some time.

But even Homer sometimes nods, and this great orator occasionally dropped to a very mediocre level. These, however, were generally the times when he was not at his physical best, and jaded nature refused to answer the draft made on her. I heard him twice in Albany, N. Y., once at the dedication, and once at the re-opening, of a church. He had come from a round of engagements, and was weary with toll and travel. His performances on both occasions was below his average, and was mortifying to him and disappointing to his hearers. But what wonder that it was so? He was too willing to respond to the many calls that were made for his services, and like many others, did not always reckon with his human limitations.

We cannot forbear the question: Why are such men so rarely sent to us? But then, if they were more plenty, would not our appreciation of them be less? Such seems to be the law.

Cambridgeport, Mass.

## BISHOP SIMPSON — AS I SAW HIM.

I.

REV. D. A. WHEDON, D. D.

THESE are two scenes that the mention of Bishop Simpson's name almost always brings up before me. The one was one of his first Conferences after his return to the episcopacy. The session was held in the little village of Madison. He was entertained by a family to whom home, as they were former parishioners of mine, I was also assigned.

Our host was a farmer. I had then been but little of bishops, but his perfectly unassuming manner charmed me. He was genial, frank, and seemingly unconscious of his high position. But the way in which he led the morning family worship particularly impressed me, because of its absolute simplicity. He read the Scriptures as though he were alone and God was saying to him just what he read. The prayer was humble, simple, and like a child speaking with a father, both words and manner. It was forty years ago, but his utter unpretentiousness still lingers with me now.

At the General Conference of 1860, in Buffalo, it was arranged for the Bishop to preach in St. James' Hall, the largest audience-room in the city, at an hour when there was no service in the churches. The hall was packed a full hour before the time appointed. His text was, "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith." He commenced the discourse in a quiet way, but was not long before his emotions kindled

and the tears began to run down his cheeks. The audience early caught his spirit, and he held them at his will until, toward the close, he came to the vision of the genius of Christianity winning victory after victory and triumph after triumph in subduing the world to Christ, and then they broke away. They shouted, they laughed, they wept, and when he closed and sat down they did not stop. The mighty wave only took a new turn when one struck up "On Jordan's stormy banks," and then, in the galleries and on the floor, how the vast crowd did sing! I have heard other great congregations sing, but never anything like that, and I do not expect to until I hear the new song in heaven.

East Greenwich, R. I.

II.

REV. E. H. THORNDIKE.

I HEARD Bishop Simpson deliver his great lecture on the "Future of America," in Rockland, Me., where he was holding the East Maine Conference. It was on the Fast Day appointed by President Lincoln, when the safety of the Union was shrouded in gloom and uncertainty. I was then in another profession. As I took my seat and looked at the man — with ill-fitting clothes, with low, broad, forehead, and with stoop of shoulders and downward cast of eyes — apparently unconscious of all his greatness as to lead one to think there must be some mistake about his being one of the foremost orators of his day, I said to myself, "Not much from him;" but his first sentence, "Today a man is summoned to its knees," fixed every eye upon him. Soon he straightened; his eyes were now wide open and flashing; his voice, so peculiar, started tears; the audience so moved that a third kept half rising up from their seats. At times full two-thirds would be nearly on their feet. No mere kingly power was ever wielded.

The congregation swayed with every motion of the speaker. A judge, a Democrat, rushed up to him when the lecture was through, and offered him \$200 if he would repeat it.

A rich ship-builder, a Spiritualist, made a similar offer. Perhaps the lecture was never so effectively delivered. The occasion had much to do with it. I heard him deliver the same lecture several years after when, while all were interested, none were beside themselves.

While administering the Lord's Supper at the opening of one of his Conferences, I heard him tell how widely he had travelled, but nowhere found any monument to his Lord. Chiseled granite, towering obelisks, and majestic mausoleums were seen testifying to the greatness of others. Then, looking at the bread and wine, he said: "But I see on each piece of this broken bread written, 'In Memoriam,' and on each drop of the wine, 'In memory of the precious life given.' And what a monument it has become! Its base spreads across centuries, continents, and even to the skies, where His table is spread. It towers upward with all the ascending songs of praise and outpourings of gratitude its followers have been offering. Granite will crumble, but these praises will go on." All I saw were weeping.

I cannot explain his wonderful mastery at times over those listening. Some say it was his peculiar voice; others, the power of God resting upon him. I have heard him when neither voice nor divine blessing served to make him even effective to the aver "degree of usual preaching. I think he only moved others when tremendously moved himself. I never saw him show signs of anger but once, and then when a brother intimated that he might be prejudiced against a brother who was drawing from the Conference. It was but a few moments when he apologized for the manner in which he had replied. And this exhibition of spirit made the strongest impression upon me of his greatness.

Springfield, Mass.

III.

REV. A. L. COOPER, D. D.

BISHOP SIMPSON presided at the session of the Vermont Conference held at St. Albans in 1863. The Sunday service was held in the Congregational church, then just completed and awaiting dedication. Including gallery, aisles and standing room, the house would hold from twelve to fifteen hundred people, and at the appointed hour for service it was full.

After the preliminary exercises the Bishop announced for his text 1 John 5: 4: "And this is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith," and as his theme: "The Power of Faith in Purifying and Elevating Humanity." In the discussion of the processes and results of this faith in saving men, he compared Christianity with other systems of religion, and with the best systems of philosophy. He illustrated how the best teachings of science and philosophy could only bring man to the outer portals of the divine temple, while Christianity with the key of faith unlocked these portals and ushered him into the temple itself, into the immediate presence of the King, purified, exalted and glorified, to be forever with the Lord and His holy ones.

When he began his sermon he was deliberate and careful in his statements, attracting the attention of his audience by his clearness and simplicity. As he advanced in his discourse he warmed with the discussion of the subject; his slightly bent form straightened to its full height; his voice, at the first hasty and thin, cleared and rose to almost trumpet tones; his eyes kindled and flashed with the holy fire that burned within him; till, as he reached the climax of his discourse, which introduced redeemed humanity into the inner temple of the upper sanctuary, the effect upon the audience was overwhelming. There seemed not to be a dry eye in the house.

Strong men of the world yielded to the power of his holy eloquence, and wept just like other men. Some in the audience braced themselves against it for a time, determined not to be found weeping on such an occasion, but they were overcome by the same holy influence that pervaded the assembly — a Divine Presence which none were disposed to deny.

For a few moments, when the interest was at its height, it was a problem how the preacher would let his hearers down from the exalted and rapt condition to which he had raised them; but with a few well-chosen sentences of a practical character he brought the people back to the realities of the present life with its toils and conflicts, with a new inspiration on the part of believers to "fight the good fight of faith" and to overcome the world "through the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony." A whole generation has passed away since the delivery of that sermon, but the impression made by it is living and fresh.

As I passed out of the church in company with my host, the late Hon. Lawrence Braden, Sen., I said to him: "Mr. Braden, how did you like the Bishop's sermon this morning?" He replied: "Well, St. Paul tells about being caught up into the third heaven, but the Bishop took us into the fourth." Another member of the Congregational Church was heard to say that if they overcame the world, even our faith."

He commenced the discourse in a quiet way, but was not long before his emotions kindled

and the tears began to run down his cheeks. The audience early caught his spirit, and he held them at his will until, toward the close, he came to the vision of the genius of Christianity winning victory after victory and triumph after triumph in subduing the world to Christ, and then they broke away.

St. Albans, Vt.

few years later, when the Bishop came to St. Albans to lecture, he declined to hear him lest the impression he received from the sermon should be marred. The Bishop himself, in conversation with the writer concerning the sermon, said that somehow everything conspired to aid him on that occasion, and he evidently felt disinclined to preach there again under less favorable circumstances, though the people were greatly anxious to hear him, fearing he should detract in some way from the good influence that resulted, under God, from that sermon.

S. H. FILES.

E. W. V.

Fisher.

Died.

in Bangor, Maine,

aged 73 years.

He was born in

in Gerhart,

Maine,

Feb. 19,

1819,

and had been a member of the Methodist Church over fifty years, always attending services, reading and doing what he could towards its support. His health had given way in his old age, and on account of his infirmities he could not attend church. He was an honest, upright man, a good husband and father. He wanted church members to live up to their profession. He desired that every member of his flock should be a man of honor and a servant of his Master. He was very anxious to have his son, Mrs. Chas. W. Hopkins. Their sorrow is shared by the church, and is lightened by his death and faith. "She being dead yet speaketh." It is impossible to mourn without exception in the case of one like her. The Lord's charge to her was, "Be thou faithful unto me unto the end, and I will give thee a crown of life." She has had an abundant entrance. We trust her mantle has fallen on some one who will exert a like influence in the church and community.

S. H. FILES.

Walker.

Mrs. Mary Walker was born in

in Yorkshire, England,

in the year 1816,

and died in

in Pittsfield, Me., Jan. 20, 1893.

He was

in the

Fast Day

appointed by

President Lincoln,

when the

safety of the

Union

was

the

subject of

the

most

dreadful

days of

our

history.

Her

husband

had

been

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of

great

abilities

and

high

character.

He

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# Zion's Herald.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 21, 1893.

[Entered at the Post-office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.]

## Contents.

PAGE

## Original Articles.

MATTHEW SIMPSON. Unfading Memory Pictures. — Authentic Glimpses. — Brief Estimates of the Man and his Preaching. —

193

SIMPSON MEMORIAL. Bishop Simpson and the Slavery Question. — Bishop Simpson and Lay Representation. — Secret of Bishop Simpson's Pulpit Power. — Reminiscences of Bishop Simpson. —

194

Bishop and Preacher. — Bishop Simpson — As I Saw Him. OBITUARIES. —

195

Editorial.

BISHOP SIMPSON. Lay Representation; New England. — Short Editorials. PERSONALS. BRIEFLISTS.

196

## The Conferences.

THE RAMBLER. As I Saw Him, etc. — CHURCH REGISTER. Marriage Notices. — Advertisements. —

197

SIMPSON MEMORIAL. Original poem. THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL. Bishop Simpson at Home. — A Philadelphia Layman's Tribute. — Bishop Simpson's Chefs d'œuvre. — Bishop Simpson as a Neighbor. — As I Heard Him. —

198

## The Sunday-school.

THE CONFERENCES. Advertisements. —

199

## Review of the Week.

World wide Agitation and Progress. — Church News, etc. —

200

## BISHOP SIMPSON.

In carrying out our purpose to present at intervals special numbers devoted to the reproduction of epochal characters in our denomination, we select, early and naturally, Bishop Simpson. No man in our American Methodism has ever filled so large a place in the appreciative thought of the general public. To reproduce him, and do him generous justice, necessitated thoughtful preparation, and that we call to our assistance many and able helpers. To those who knew him, loved him, and understood him, special topics were assigned, calculated to bring out, in response, the many-sidedness of the Bishop and the record of some of his notable oratorical triumphs. Our contributors have more than met our most enthusiastic anticipations. We very much doubt if such a comprehensive view of any of our representative men was ever given to the public as is here grouped about Bishop Simpson. The date chosen is fitting, as it falls upon the anniversary of his birth. The Bishop was born June 21, 1811. He died, June 18, 1884, at his home in Philadelphia, his last audible words being: "My Saviour! My Saviour!"

To characterize Matthew Simpson editorially, at any length, when so many do it so admirably in other columns, would be a work of supererogation. Instead we exhort our readers to follow every line of these notable contributors. A fresh study of this wonderful man will prove a fitting and gracious inspiration to the church. Of him we may say, as he said of Lincoln when he stood at the grave of the dead chieftain: "The nation mourns thee. Mothers shall teach thy name to their lisping children. The youth of our land shall emulate thy virtues. Statesmen shall study thy record, and from it learn lessons of wisdom. Mute though thy lips be, yet they still speak."

The first, second and sixth pages are devoted entirely to the great Bishop, and part of the third page.

## LAY REPRESENTATION — NEW ENGLAND.

The California Christian Advocate published lately an article on "Lay Representation in the Methodist Episcopal Church" and some of its consequences; and ascribed its final effectuation to New England. Speaking of the failure of several preceding attempts in other parts of the church, the writer says: —

"There were many who trembled with apprehension whenever this change in the constitution of the church was named. A little incident will show the susceptibility of Methodist feeling in 1852. The venerable Dr. Bond presided. There were gathered about him, as officers and promoters of the objects of the assembly, some of the best-known laymen of that day. The excellent brother who opened the devotional service read out the hymn beginning, —

"Jesus, Great Shepherd of the sheep,  
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Bishop Simpson was the only one of the episcopal who openly favored the reform at the outset of the brave fight; though nearly the whole bench became converted to it before the victory was finally decided. Simpson made public speeches for it in the New York Laymen's Convention of 1863. He was an open friend of the New York Methodist, which, sustained by Seney, Rushmore, Hoyt, Styles, and other eminent laymen, became the organ of the "reformers." Our official periodicals generally, including the Quarterly, were more or less hostile. Dr. Bond was placed at the head of the Christian Advocate (New York) to defeat the movement, but it went on. The old Protestant secession had so thoroughly reacted in the parent church. Now England, at last, began to reconsider the subject. Zion's Herald, so fertile in new notions, and yet staunchly loyal to the church, opened its columns for its discussion, and has, really, the historical responsibility of the effective revival of it after so many failures. Eventually our other journals followed the example; sooner or later laymen's "conventions" were held in New York and Philadelphia. The "great secession" of the South had adopted the "reform." The old "mother church" was suffering by contrast with every other form of American Methodism before the democratic people of the country, in this respect at least — a point of almost supreme importance to the self-governing citizens of the nation. And yet it required about a quarter of a century, after the revival of the controversy in New England, before the "reform" triumphed and laymen took seats in the General Conference (1872) at Brooklyn, N. Y."

The "Wesleyan Secession," above alluded to, was mostly of New England origin. Its adoption of lay representation created a necessity for a similar reformation in the parent church. It was necessary in self-defense; for the republican sentiment of the country favored the more democratic polity of the seceders. This necessity was specially felt when some new societies of the old church applied to the Massachusetts Legislature for a "General Bill of Incorporation" instead of the particular bills by which individual Methodist societies had hitherto been incorporated. Such a general bill had long been accorded to the Congregationalists, Quakers, and other religious bodies; why should the large and growing body of the Episcopal Methodists of the State have to come up yearly to the Legislature for a special act of incorporation for every new church it erected? The Legislature was well enough disposed toward the denomination, but the Wesleyans rallied their leaders and presented a formidable front of opposition. The absence of lay representation in the petitioning body was their principal alleged objection, and, to the people and law-makers of Massachusetts, was a serious one. The matter was referred by the Legislature to a committee. Such committees usually meet in private and report only in public; but in this instance the committee deemed it expedient to hold its deliberations in public sessions, for citizens or most Christian denominations were eagerly interested in the subject. For nearly a week the committee met, at night, in the large Hall of Representatives, to hear the petitioners and their opponents. Meanwhile a large audience of citizens, including newspaper reporters, clergymen, etc., gathered excited with interest in the Hall. It was a strange scene, seldom or never before witnessed there. Some of our old city Methodists, and not a few of their compatriots from other parts of the State, must remember it. A detailed account of it, which such an eye-witness might write, would make an article for the HERALD of surpassing interest. High debates went on through the week between representative speakers of both sides. The committee at last reported to the Legislature in favor of the petitioners; but, though successful, the old church bore its victorious banner from the field with new and grave reflections. Their official organ (*ZION'S HERALD*), with the leaders of New England Methodism generally, felt that a new epoch had intervened in the history of the denomination, and that the "reform," exemplified by the "Methodist Protestants" and the "American Wesleyans," must, sooner or later, be adopted by the parent church. So profound, however, had been the opposition of the latter to the "radicalism" of the former, that the new "reformers" had to proceed with great care not to provoke dangerous internal disturbances. The HERALD, therefore, opened its columns, at first simply for the "free discussion" of the question of lay representation, *pro et con* — a freedom of the press which it had maintained on the subject of slavery, and which comported fully with the spirit of the New England people.

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The inience of the "Wesleyan" example, together with this opening of a Methodist press for the impartial discussion of the question, and, still more, the favor shown it by the "great secession" of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, brought it now again before the church generally, and, by 1852, it became evident that it was an inevitable revolution, though not without formidable and protracted opposition.

In 1852 the laymen of Philadelphia held a convention in favor of the reform. They had started the *Philadelphia Christian Advocate* in its interest. They sent a petition to the General Conference of 1852 in its favor. The old war was again begun, and it was to be a decisive, though a prolonged, one. A counter Philadelphia convention was held with Dr. Bond as chairman, who, though a layman, was the most formidable enemy of lay representation in the land. Dr. Crooks, tinker of Bishop Simpson, speaking of this convention, says: —

"There were many who trembled with apprehension whenever this change in the constitution of the church was named. A little incident will show the susceptibility of Methodist feeling in 1852. The venerable Dr. Bond presided. There were gathered about him, as officers and promoters of the objects of the assembly, some of the best-known laymen of that day. The excellent brother who opened the devotional service read out the hymn beginning, —

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The scrimony of the controversy would hardly now be credible. A writer, who witnessed those belligerent days (Dr. Crooks), says: —

"In Methodist speech, to be a 'Radical' was to be counted unfit for church fellowship. For a preacher to be known as a promoter of lay delegation, was as much as his ecclesiastical life was worth. For him there was no hope, no preference, no peace." An amusing incident, of which I was myself a witness, will illustrate the universal feeling. An applicant for admission to the Philadelphia Conference was objected to on several grounds. While the case was pending, a respectable member of the Conference arose and said, 'Mr. President, I am opposed to the admission of this brother. I told him that he is a lay delegation man, and I had as far travel with the devil as with a lay delegation man.'"

Dr. Bond's argument in Emory's Report, at the General Conference of 1868, was incessantly repeated as unanswerable, and, therefore, conclusive of the question. Even Nicholas Sennet, an able leader of the Methodist Protestant Church, pronounced it unanswerable. His argument was, that, as the ministry is "divinely called" to preach, it must be responsible to God for its ministrations, and must, therefore, have a divine right to control them without authoritative interference from the laity — in other words, a divine right to govern the church. The controversy on lay representation needed, above all things, the correction of this enormous fallacy — the very basis of papal hierarchy, and entirely contrary to the doctrine of the "priesthood of the people," to the universal priesthood of the church as taught in the Christian Scriptures and reasserted by the reformers — namely, that Christianity has a ministry, but no priesthood save the common priesthood of all saints under the High Priesthood of Christ. This right of priesthood — no longer for the offering of sacrifice, but for the propagation of Christianity — being inherent in the whole church, its responsibility is equally inherent and common, and the government of the church, therefore, belongs to itself, not to a specific class of its members. Though it must, as a matter of convenience, delegate certain functions (as preaching, teaching, education, missions) to chosen men, yet these men are but its representatives in a common, a universal, responsibility. Selected by the church, according to their qualifications for its work, the Divine Spirit also moves or "calls" them to use their qualifications in accordance with the demands of the church, as He does in all Christian functions and labors; but does not, thereby, release the church itself from its common responsibility as a universal priesthood.

The importance of the Reformation and of Primitive Christianity was the very best argument for the new movement. It swept away the basis of Börd's logic, and of the scruples of thousands of sincere opponents of lay representation. But it was astonishing to observe how its distinct avowal hastened to avert, through the press, unfavorable interpretations, by qualifying, explaining, if not attenuating, this explicit and glorious truth of the power of the church.

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## The Sunday School.

THIRD QUARTER. LESSON I.  
Sunday, July 2.  
Acts 16: 6-15.

REV. W. O. HOLWAY, U. S. N.

PATRICALLED TO EUROPE.

The Lesson Introduced.

**1. GOSPEL TEXT:** "Go ye, therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Matt. 28: 19.

2. DAVID A. D. 51-52.

3. PHILIP, in Macedonia.

4. HOME READINGS.—Monday—Acts 16: 6-15; Thursday—Cor. 2: 12-17; Wednesday—Matt. 28: 19; Thursday—Heb. 10: 18-25; Friday—Matt. 15: 9-10; Saturday—3 John 1: 8; Sunday—Mark 11: 11-14.

The Lesson Paraphrased.

Paul is on his second missionary journey. He and Barnabas had planned at Antioch a tour of visitation of the churches planted in Asia Minor during his first journey, but they had been a disagreement between the two over inviting Mark to go with them and they had finally gone separately ways—Barnabas taking Mark and starting for Cyprus and Paul, choosing Silas for his companion, and making his way through Syria and Asia Minor, "confirming the church." At Lystra he found Timothy, who had been converted during his former visit to this place. This young disciple gladly joined Paul and Silas in their evangelizing work, having first submitted to be circumcised as a concession to Jewish prejudice. Through Perga and Galatia the trio went, announcing to the churches the decisions reached by the council at Jerusalem, and strengthening them in the faith. Yielding to the special guidance of the Spirit, they forbore to extend the work in proselytizing Asia and proceeded to the Hellenes. Here at Troas a vision appeared to Paul. A man of Macedonia seemed to stand with outstretched, beckoning hands, and his pleading words rang in the Apostle's ears: "Come over and help us!" Regarding this call as from God, and joined by Luke who appears to have reached Troas at this time and who became the fourth member of the company, a vessel was taken at Troas, and the wind favoring, in two days Samothrace was reached, and the next day Neapolis. Here the boat came to anchor, and the party disembarked—the first time that three of them at least had set foot on European soil. But they did not linger here. Neapolis was simply the port of Philippi, eight miles inland, and the chief city of the Macedonian frontier. It had been advanced to the rank of a "colony," after the famous defeat of Brutus and Cassius, and emblems of Roman power greeted the party at every step. The Jews had probably no synagogue in this city, but the apostles knew that if there were any children of Abraham residing here they would be found on the river bank at the hour of devotion. On the Sabbath, therefore, they turned their steps thither. Only a few women were found there. With these they conversed, and with a blessed result. The receptive heart of Lydia, a member of the dyer guild, who sold purple and was evidently a woman of influence and means, gave eager heed to Paul's discourse. She became a disciple and was baptized, her household uniting with her in adherence to the new faith. The apostles yielded to her earnest prayer to preach there was only delayed (Whedon).

At Philippi Paul is on the great Egnatian Way, taking a road that runs from Crete, past the Hellespont and through Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Elassa, terminating at Dyrrachium, on the coast. There a few brought the traveler to Brundisium, in Italy, and thence the great Appian Way led him to Rome. It was the nearest approach the world had yet made to our railroads across the continent from New York to California (Whedon).

13 On the Sabbath.—In this Roman city the Jews evidently had no synagogue and were few in number; but the Sabbath would bring them together. Went out of the city—R. V., "went forth without the gate." By a river side—the Gangas, or Gangatis, a small stream flowing into the Styx river. Where prayer was wont to be made (R. V., "where we supposed there was a place of prayer"),—"This may have been simply a customary locality of river side prayer, or there may have been a rustic enclosure, or there may have been a complete edifice. For each of these three was customary, and either would be designated by the same word, namely, a *prosche*" (Whedon). Spake unto the women that reported thither (R. V., "which were come together").—"That female prayer-meeting was destined to leave its mark on all the time to come. For there, within its small circle, was the story of redemption first told in proud Europe" (C. S. Robinson).

14 Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira.—"The city of Thyatira, on the borders of Lydia and Mysia, and one of the seven churches of Asia addressed in the Apocalypse, was celebrated in very early days for its purple dyes and fabrics. Among the ruins of the city had been found an inscription relating to the guild of dyers, curiously testifying to the accuracy of even the unimportant details of this narrative. The business which brought Lydia to Philippi was connected either with the sale of the coloring matter, or, more likely, with the fabric already dyed. The purple color, so esteemed in the ancient world, included many of Eastern Maine are largely represented in the institution. A simple narration of the self denial, prudence and courage of many of these students would be reassuring to those who think our young people are wanting in the heroic element.

The religious atmosphere is one of the marked characteristics of the school. The students have their prayer meetings, and the faculty weekly meetings when each one invokes God's special blessing upon the school. It is worthy of mention that at the last State Y. M. C. A. convention more converts were reported from this school than from all others of like grade in the State. The last class that was graduated numbered 35. Those 25 are professed Christians, and 11 are converts of comparatively recent date. Prof. Chase profoundly believes in taking everything to God in prayer.

The present home marks a crisis in the history of the school. It greatly needs a largely increased endowment and new buildings. One man has pledged \$5,000, on consideration that \$4,000 additional shall be raised by Jan. 1, 1894. At the last session of the Conference Bishop Ninde appointed Rev. A. S. Ladd financial agent. Mr. Ladd has spent nearly all the years of his ministry in the Maine Conference. For twenty years he has filled the leading appointments in that Conference, and had one pastorate at the First Church, Bangor. Last year he was the popular and efficient presiding elder of Lewiston District. He has twice represented his Conference in the General Conference, and so has a wide acquaintance throughout the connection. He is in the prime of life, and a man of superior abilities as a preacher and platform speaker, and has had much experience in lifting souls.

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When she was baptized, and her household.—"The passage has been quoted in support of infant baptism. It is, however, quite uncertain what the words 'her household' are to understand by her children, her slaves, or the working people busied in the industry of dying. There are other households mentioned in the New Testament as having been baptized (verses 32; 1 Cor. 1: 16; Rom. 16: 5); it is creditable, nay, probable, that in so many families there was no child! But our Lord's action when He laid His hands on the little children (Matt.

19: 15) is of all warrants for this most ancient practice the most authoritative. As has been well said, 'If infants were capable of spiritual blessings then, why should they be thought incapable now?' (Revision Commentary).

If ye have judged me to be faithful.—"The words contain a modest, almost a pathetic, appeal to the fact that the preachers had recognized her faith by admitting her to baptism. If it was fit for that, was she unfit to be her hostess?" (Plumptre). Come into my house.—"We have here the first example of that Christian hospitality which was so emphatically enjoined and so lovingly practiced in the apostolic church" (Howson).

IV. The Lesson Illustrated.

1. That martial mastiff, Frederick of Prussia, died half of Europe to conquer him for seven bloody years, simply by his intuition of the right moments and his prompt use of them. His famous pupil, Napoleon, was the king of opportunities; he used to say, "There is a crisis in every battle, a ten or fifteen minutes on which its fate depends." Ten minutes of sharp striking when the iron is hot are worth days of tiresome hammering when it has grown cold. The word "opportunity" signifies the very tick of time. The soul-winners are those who improve them. When Providence sets a door ajar, they push it open and enter (Cuyler).

2. Immediately we endeavored to go into Macedonia (R. V., "Straitways we sought to go forth into Macedonia")—"the first of what have been called 'the sea passages,'" indicating that the writer was present" (Whedon). "Here Luke for the first time includes himself in the narrative, and therefore it is rightly assumed that he joined Paul at Troas" (Mayer). "He was a physician (Col. 4: 14) and a Gentile (Col. 4: 11, 14)." (Cambridge Bible). Assuredly gathering—R. V., "concluding." The verb has the sense of 'coming to a conclusion by putting things side by side' (Cambridge Bible).

11. 12. Therefore loosing from Troas—R. V., "gatting sail therefore from Troas." Came with (R. V., "made") a straight course to Samothrace (R. V., "Samothracia")—an island in the Aegean, "eight miles long and six broad" (A. F. R.). Directly before them lie the isles of the Aegean, celebrated by the genius of Homer—Tenedos, Lemnos, Imros, and, further to the northwest, the tall cliffs of Samothrace. By a brisk wind from the south they were able to take a "straight course," and to accomplish in two days their trip to Neapolis, which often takes five" (Whedon). Neapolis—the port of Philippi; it is now called Cavallo; its distance from Troas is 65 miles. Hence to Philippi—eight or ten miles away. "This city was built by Philip of Macedonia, who named it after himself. It became known in history as the scene of the decisive battle in which Brutus and Cassius were defeated by Augustus and Antony (B. C. 42). The city has long since disappeared, and its site is occupied by a small village named Filiba" (Revision Commentary). The chief city of that part of Macedonia—R. V., "a city of Macedonia, the first of the district." And a colony (R. V., "a Roman colony"). "Philippi was made a colony by Augustus, as a memorial of his victory over Brutus and Cassius, and as a frontier garrison against Thrace. Its full name on the coins of the city was Colonia Augusta Julia Philippensis. A Roman colony was, in fact, a portion of Rome itself transplanted to the provinces. The colonists consisted of veteran soldiers and freedmen, who went forth, and determined and marked out their situation, with all religious and military ceremonies. The inhabitants of the colonies were Roman citizens, and were still enrolled in one or other of the tribes, and possessed the privilege of voting at Rome. They were governed by their own laws and magistrates, and not by the governor of the province" (Alford).

At Philippi Paul is on the great Egnatian Way. Taking a road that runs from Crete, past the Hellespont and through Thrace, Macedonia, Thessaly, and Elassa, terminating at Dyrrachium, on the coast. There a few brought the traveler to Brundisium, in Italy, and thence the great Appian Way led him to Rome. It was the nearest approach the world had yet made to our railroads across the continent from New York to California (Whedon).

13 On the Sabbath.—In this Roman city the Jews evidently had no synagogue and were few in number; but the Sabbath would bring them together. Went out of the city—R. V., "went forth without the gate." By a river side—the Gangas, or Gangatis, a small stream flowing into the Styx river. Where prayer was wont to be made (R. V., "where we supposed there was a place of prayer").—"This may have been simply a customary locality of river side prayer, or there may have been a rustic enclosure, or there may have been a complete edifice. For each of these three was customary, and either would be designated by the same word, namely, a *prosche*" (Whedon).

Spake unto the women that reported thither (R. V., "which were come together").—"That female prayer-meeting was destined to leave its mark on all the time to come. For there, within its small circle, was the story of redemption first told in proud Europe" (C. S. Robinson).

14 Lydia, a seller of purple, of the city of Thyatira.—"The city of Thyatira, on the borders of Lydia and Mysia, and one of the seven churches of Asia addressed in the Apocalypse, was celebrated in very early days for its purple dyes and fabrics. Among the ruins of the city had been found an inscription relating to the guild of dyers, curiously testifying to the accuracy of even the unimportant details of this narrative.

The business which brought Lydia to Philippi was connected either with the sale of the coloring matter, or, more likely, with the fabric already dyed. The purple color, so esteemed in the ancient world, included many of

Eastern Maine are largely represented in the institution. A simple narration of the self denial, prudence and courage of many of these students would be reassuring to those who think our young people are wanting in the heroic element.

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15. After they were come to Myra—R. V., "when they were come over against Myra;" "apparently at the point where Perga, Myra and Bithynia meet" (Whedon). Assayed to go into Bithynia.—"He would have gone had he not been hindered." The Spirit—R. V., "the Spirit of Jesus;" "the expression nowhere else found in the Bible. Suffered them not—bogged up the way, or else gave an unmistakable intimation that the appointed field was elsewhere. Passing by Myra.—They had to pass through it to get to Troas, but they "passed by" it as regards preaching. Came down to Troas—from the high tableland to the well-known seaport on the Hellenes, the full name of which was Alexandria Troas, after Alexander the Great who founded it. It was near the site of the ancient Troy, the scene of Homer's Iliad. Paul visited Troas four times. It was here, in the house of Carpus, that he left his cloak, books, and parchments after his first imprisonment (Hilbert).

Before him lie the waters that divide Asia from Europe. Divine warnings have bidden him away from Asia; shall he now cross the celebrated straits, and set his foot on European soil?

Yonder lies the vast continent.

First in order is Greece, brightened with points of a rare civilization; next comes Rome, the seat of empire; and central Europe are the vast hives of barbarism, noble in race, the ancestors of modern Europe and of us, but as yet dividing the forests with the savage beasts. To the margin of this Europe our apostle comes, charged with a mission pregnant with the hopes of modern civil-

ization. To all his queries now comes a divine answer (Whedon).

9. A vision appeared to Paul—"not a real person, but a vision, but not necessarily imparted in a dream" (Lang). "A spiritual vision was necessary to direct Paul's eye to Europe. For Orientals to pass, on such a mission, into far western lands, was a difficult and hazardous undertaking" (Revision Commentary). A man of Macedonia.—"His words made him known as a Macedonian. Perhaps Paul also ascertained his origin from his national dress, having frequently seen Macedonian seamen in Tarsus, his birthplace. The Macedonian spirit once, as a proud conqueror, crossed the Hellenes and filled Asia with Macedonian glory; but now that spirit stands as a suppliant before an Asiatic who has no other weapon than the word of the Spirit" (Lang). Come over . . . and help us.—"This vision has been rightly recognized by the church as interpreting the unuttered cry of heathendom for help" (Abbott). "And it has been abundantly shown that it is death to a church or Christian, either not to hear this cry, or, having heard it, not to heed it" (Ridder).

This most celebrated country (Macedonia) lay to the north of Greece. Thessaly was its capital. It had numerous flourishing cities, of which Philippi, Thessalonica, Amphipolis, Apollonia, and Berea are mentioned in the Acts. It now constitutes a part of Turkey; and notwithstanding the oppression of the Turks, Christianity, though in a poor condition, exists to this day (Lang).

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13 On the Sabbath.—In this Roman city the Jews evidently had no synagogue and were few in number; but the Sabbath would bring them together. Went out of the city—R. V., "went forth without the gate." By the fall the bell cracked. Statesmen try to restore it by laws like steel bows. But the tone is cracked. The heart must be made anew if heaven's high arches are to echo our anthems of praise (Jones).

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